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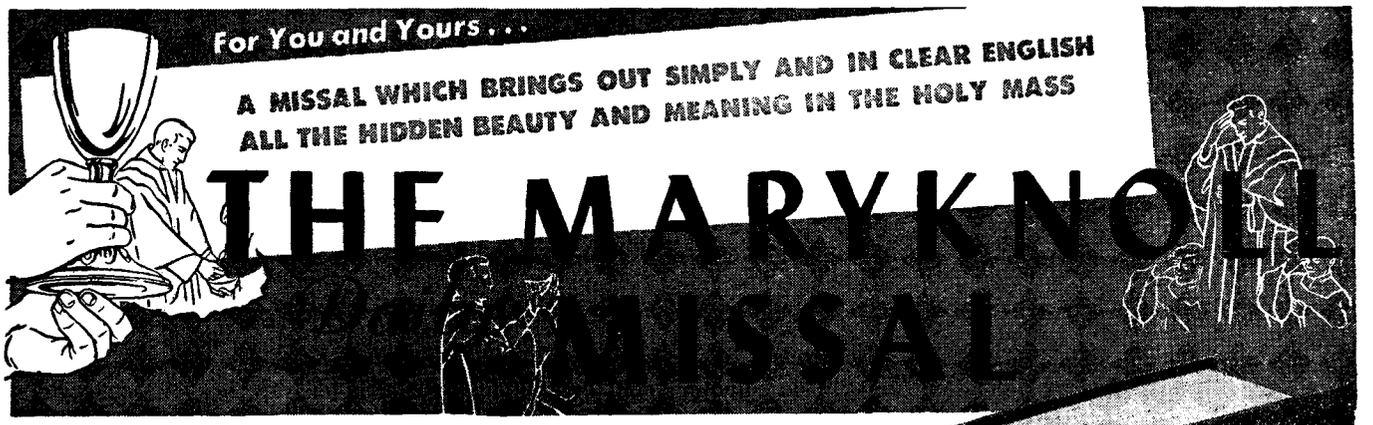
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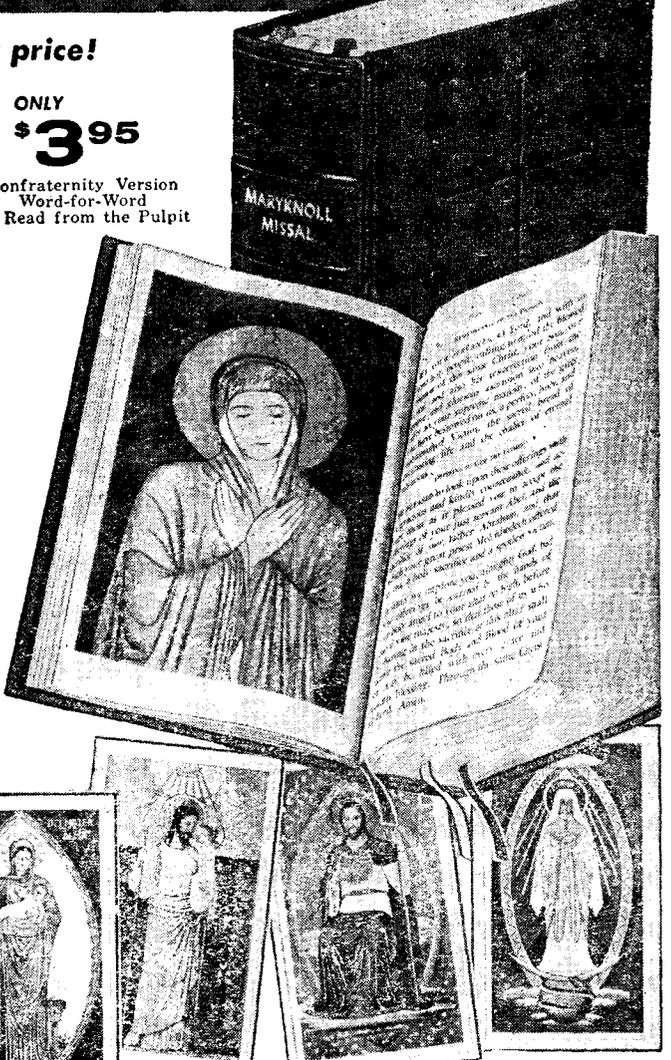

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE BERLIN CRISIS

THERE SHOULD be little question about the allies' response to the latest Soviet move in international adventurism. Although the recent crisis which Russia has precipitated in Berlin has not yet been clearly defined, its nature and intent are clear. As a first step in weakening the allied position throughout Europe, the Russians wish to force the Western powers out of Berlin. The nature and intent of our response should be left as little in doubt as are the Russians'. It should be made clear that we intend to maintain our position in Berlin using every appropriate means to overcome those obstacles which are placed in our way.

Berlin, that divided city within the enslaved section of a divided Germany, has a peculiar status as a symbol of our times. The weight of recent history presses upon it as upon no other city. It stands as the former German capital of Hitler's Germany; as an acknowledgment that postwar hopes for friendly relations with Russia were high—and misplaced; as a challenge to the status of East Germany; as a reminder of the airlift of 1948 and, therefore, of the allied determination to resist threats and to support friends.

Those who, with the best intentions, have compared Berlin and Quemoy do no service either to history or clear thinking. Berlin is indeed an island within Communist-controlled territory. And it, too, has been threatened by Russia's latest move. But any meaningful parallel ceases right there. The allied powers have a clear, long-acknowledged right to administer West Berlin, and, moreover, this administration is of great importance—to Berlin, to West Germany, to Europe, to our entire defense of the western world.

The Potsdam conference ratified the existent division of Germany and Berlin with the expectation that the division would be temporary. But as antagonisms grew and hardened so also did the divisions. And although the three Western occupation areas were amalgamated into the Federal Republic of Germany (and Russia responded by instituting the puppet rule of the German Democratic Republic), Berlin remained divided within itself and surrounded by the Communist satellite.

THE WESTERN world has refused to recognize the German Democratic Republic as a duly constituted government because it was formed in massive contradiction to the Potsdam agreement (which guaranteed the reestablishment of all democratic political parties and the fostering of the freedoms of speech, press and religion), and because such recognition would work against the possible reestablishment of Germany on the basis of free decision by all German citizens. Russia, of course, has now repudiated the Potsdam agreement and wishes the Communist regime to unite on an equal basis with West Germany.

While these are major issues, even more is involved in Russia's latest move. For West Berlin not only exists as an insistent reminder of a division that must be healed; it exposes the weak claims of East Germany to be a stable, fully realized government.

To give way to Russia's demands now—to remove our forces from West Berlin, or to recognize the government of East Germany as legitimate, or both—would be to suffer a severe defeat. The German "People's Republic" would assume a new and meaningful status it cannot otherwise gain; hopes for a free Germany properly united would give way to the Communist alternative—permanent partition or "confederation" on Communist lines; the people of West Berlin, and others who flee to West Berlin,

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would be abandoned to Communist rule; sympathetic or neutral Europeans would question the value of allied friendship; and the NATO allies would be forced to question the effectiveness of their alliance.

The stakes at issue are high; our rights and responsibilities are clear. Our general course of action seems definite. The NATO powers must meet this threat with determined resistance. The exact means, since they depend to some extent upon the opposition, may be flexible; our will must not be.

TO COMBAT RECESSIONS

DID THE ADMINISTRATION take the wisest course in helping the country out of the recent recession? There is a new spurt of inflation and great fear of more. A thirteen-billion-dollar deficit has impelled the President to call for substantial cuts in the budgets of virtually all government departments for the next fiscal year. The connection of all this with anti-recession policies seems unmistakable.

Would it have been possible to have arrested the decline sooner by methods which would have been less costly, and less inflationary in their effects? And should such methods be drawn up in readiness for the next serious downturn of the American business cycle? Dr. Arthur F. Burns, former economic adviser to the President, believes so. One reason the late recession was not worse is that unemployment insurance benefits and other New Deal built-in stabilizers kept consumer buying at a comparatively high level. Dr. Burns is convinced that a lengthening of the present period of unemployment benefits would check future recessions.

A number of American executives tend to agree with Dr. Burns' key idea that temporarily cutting taxes would bring the economy out of a slump by encouraging a resumption of business expansion. Not only are the effects of greater private spending much more immediate than those from government appropriations, but the inflationary effect is considerably less. The President's former adviser would estimate that the current federal deficit under his scheme would have been six billions less, and with no rising scale of government spending still ahead. The question persists: once a recession has been thwarted by this means, how politically possible would it be in times of peace to restore taxes to a higher level? Yet Dr. Burns makes a generally convincing case.

RAY OF HOPE?

WHILE DEVELOPMENTS in the South's integration crisis admittedly afford little grounds for optimism, some recent events in that tragic drama seem to justify the expression of at least a cautious hope.

In Norfolk, Virginia, for instance, where the closing of six local schools has disrupted the education of ten thousand children, a referendum on integrating the schools was won by the segregationists, but the size of the minority vote was, under the circumstances, remarkably large. Out of 21,190 votes cast on a proposition to open the closed schools on an integrated basis, 12,333 were against and 8,781 in favor, with 76 ballots voided.

Also in Virginia, the state's "massive resistance" laws have been challenged as unconstitutional in two suits, both still pending. And many observers, including state officials, anticipate that the "massive resistance" laws will be held invalid in one or both of these cases.

The Governor of Virginia, J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., has already declared that adverse findings by the courts will not induce him to abandon the cause of "massive resistance." "It may be," said the Governor, "that we will have to choose some new plateaus of that battlefield which may be different from what we have now, but the fight has just begun." Mr. Almond has indicated that if the current "resistance" laws are ruled unconstitutional, he will appoint a special commission to advise him on tactics and will call a special session of the legislature to draft substitute legislation.

There is nothing specifically conciliatory in Governor Almond's pronouncements to date, but obviously he has come to recognize the enormity of the problem he created by his doctrine of "massive resistance." For all its truculence, his most recent statement acknowledges the final test of constitutional validity and admits that his original position will in all likelihood have to be revised.

Perhaps even more important than the legal and financial obstacles faced by the segregationists, however, will be the force of public opinion. And here the results of the Norfolk referendum may be quite significant. When one considers the intensity of exacerbated Southern feelings on this issue, the understandable power of extremist agitation on "the rape of Little Rock" and similar emotional pressures, the balloting in Norfolk may be counted almost as a victory for the Southern moderate view. And that two-fifths of the Norfolk voters wished to reopen the schools on an integrated basis is made

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even more impressive by the fact that the proposition voted upon stated explicitly that if the schools were integrated parents would have to pay a "substantial tuition" for each child, because state funds would then be automatically cut off.

There is, of course, nothing finally conclusive in an approval of integration by two-fifths of the voters in one special election in one Southern city. It is nevertheless a fact which deserves at least as much publicity as has been given to acts of violence and expressions of race hatred on the part of a handful of irresponsible white supremacists. Surely the ballots cast in Norfolk are more typical of the South than the infamous bombings which have dominated our newspapers.

THE NUMBER OF DOCTORS

IN SEPTEMBER of 1957 we published an article called "How Many Doctors?" written by Lawrence Bloomgarden. In it Mr. Bloomgarden raised serious questions about the future of medical care in this country; we do not now have enough doctors, he argued, and, even more serious, supply in the years ahead is likely to lag even further behind the nation's needs.

As Mr. Bloomgarden noted at the time, any intimation that the United States has less than the number of doctors it needs or will need has always been hotly contested by the American Medical Association. "The A.M.A., I fear, views the question of how many doctors we need with a predisposition toward limiting its professional ranks," he wrote. Similarly, despite the facts that he cited on behalf of his thesis, Mr. Bloomgarden's article provoked spirited dissent from some of our doctor-readers, most of whom were unable to believe that any prediction of a doctor-shortage could be accurate.

In the light of all this, we read with interest a report on the 54th Congress of Medical Education in the Nov. 15th issue of the *Journal of the A.M.A.*, particularly the remarks made by A.M.A. president Dr. David B. Allman. Said Dr. Allman: "No one will deny that, as our population grows at a rate far beyond estimates of a few decades ago, as health consciousness continues to grow, and as new problems arise, there will be continuing need for increased numbers of well trained medical personnel. This will necessitate the facilities, finances and faculty essential to their education and training."

Over the years the A.M.A. has always insisted that the fact that the ratio of doctors to population has remained constant proves that the nation has enough doctors. In his article Mr. Bloomgarden pointed out several reasons why this traditional A.M.A. defense was not as compelling as it might appear at first glance. Significantly, Dr. Allman seems to be on Mr. Bloomgarden's side of the argument: "One fact, clearly certain," he said, "is that efforts to compare unqualified statistics for physician-population ratios in recent years with those early in the century are not only meaningless, but actually misleading."

Our purpose in reporting all this is not simply to cite additional indications that Mr. Bloomgarden was correct in his article—although we have always thought he was. Rather it is to salute what we think is genuine progress and to congratulate those responsible for the recommendation of the A.M.A. Council on Medical Education and Hospitals that medical schools must expand their facilities, and colleges and universities must develop medical programs if the nation is to have adequate medical resources. We are happy that this much agreement has been reached on an important national problem.

THE PALESTINE REFUGEES

FOR TEN YEARS now, supported principally by Britain and the United States, nine hundred thousand Arab refugees have been living in bleak U.N. camps in Arab countries bordering Israel. Great numbers of these exiles are determined to return to their ancestral homes in Israel, and for political reasons they are warmly encouraged in these aspirations by the Arab countries themselves. Israel refuses to take these people back—except for a token number to reunite families.

Recently, however, the United States has suggested that preparations be begun to disband the Palestine refugee camps by 1960, partly through training programs that would enable many of these exiles to support themselves. Israel followed this up by offering to compensate those who become permanently resettled in Arab lands without insisting, as heretofore, that such payments comprise part of a general Israeli-Arab settlement. The first Arab reactions were hardly encouraging; a U.N. delegate from Saudi Arabia proclaimed the Israeli offer to be an unscrupulous suggestion. No Arab spokesman came forward to welcome it. An initial glimmer of hope gave way to the impression that the tragic Israeli-Arab deadlock would continue.

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Patterns of Vision

To exercise the passion of idealism in private, and then to face political facts brutally —this is the schizophrenia of our time

by MICHAEL NOVAK

WHEN A MAN turns his practical judgment toward the past facts and the present to-be-dones of history, it matters a great deal into which focus he casts his mind. The facts and the to-be-dones remain the same, no matter who regards them. But the level of vantage from which they are regarded throws them and their implications in multi-variegated arrangements of shadow and light; the focus through which they are regarded alters their size and even their order. This much is obvious; but it is also possible to distinguish some patterns of vision into which a man's practical judgment will slide more or less consistently.

For example, a friend of mine, a non-Catholic and a graduate of Princeton, now an officer in the Air Force, wrote me recently his reflections on the Strategic Air Command—for him, a problem in conscience. He is forced to full admiration for S.A.C.'s round-the-clock feints towards Moscow as a key deterrent to major war. "Politics is the science of power," he says. "It is as objective and factual as the physical sciences. Introduce morality, and its Utopias soon shall bring everything crashing down about us. . . . Morality, therefore, must be for the individual soul to look after. What is life without morality? And yet, there is no place for it in politics. . . . This must sound horribly Machiavellian. But didn't even Christ leave to Caesar. . . ." And so his argument tortures on.

On the one hand, my friend rebels from the simplistic moral solution—that the answer is in the hearts of men. For one of the givens of the political situation is that the hearts of men are not reliable; and, given modern power, one man's weakness may be every man's grave. Yet I do not think my friend's accent is on *simplistic;* for him, the moral solution is folly not because it is founded on one or another too-easy slogan. It is folly because it is *utopian.* Certainly he sees that it recognizes sin—who else but the moralists do? Who else cries for amendment and penance? But what the moralist does confound—and this I think my friend sees, without being able to define it—is term and potency. He is forever sliding unconsciously into eschatology whereas the world is still in the throes of history. He is forever preaching "You *can* do it, with grace" (which is true, but in a dynamic and always future, not fixed, sense), where *it*—until each man's death—always remains to be done. For as Romano Guardini has seen: we ought not to call ourselves Christians, but those who are striving to become so.

On the other hand, my friend feels thrust into the position of denying the possibility of morality in politics: politics is power. But these clutches too he shrinks from with repugnance. I have heard him puzzle over this: "The Russians were utterly justified in grinding into Budapest. They had no choice. The integrity of the empire depended on stamping out every ember lest other satellites be tempted. . . ."

THERE is no need to go further. We have isolated two basic patterns of vision; no one will have difficulty seeing them. The idealist (The Quiet American?) breeds the man of expedience. My friend does not want to sound like Machiavelli. But being too intelligent, too aware of human history, he cannot accept a morality of politics. He vacillates between the two patterns of vision, and he resolves his dilemma, not by uniting his vision, but by dividing himself. On the one hand, he says, live within myself as perfectly as possible; on the other, let forces rule society—and pray that our Machiavellis be mild. The attraction of a Walden Pond becomes almost unbearable. If one is faithful to one's logic (like a Camus), the only alter-

Mr. Novak, C.S.C., has recently returned from studies in Europe. This is his second article in The Commonweal.

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native to retirement is a commitment to choosing among evils, a life that is hardly life. Most of us, not nearly so faithful, can remain committed, hoping against hope, but, in the patterns of vision we have discovered, it is difficult to rationalize that hope.

If, as Will Herberg has remarked, the liberal is essentially utopian, then we should rightly expect that, for all my friend's expediency in politics, his alternative focus, his idealism, should begin to trace its pattern sooner or later. It does, as soon as he (with many other liberals) begins to talk about the Church. For his remarks on the Church are something like this: "How much promise the Church seemed to show us; its force for man's good would win me instantly, if we did not have history to show us what can happen. Organization, selfishness, corruption—a creature of history, not creator of good. I am probably a confirmed idealist, but. . . ."

What strikes us instantly in his attitude is the gray area between what he knows his idealism demands and his fear of being too idealistic. But between idealism and sheer expedience he has no third alternative. The same gray area showed up in his earlier remarks on politics: "I must sound dreadfully Machiavellian." There it was his overdone realism that worried him. There, as here, he had no third alternative: only expedience or utopianism.

To exercise the "useless passion" of idealism in private, and then to face political facts brutally, and "brutally" is a key word—this is the schizophrenia of our time. For of course both the patterns of vision we have been describing are inhuman. M. Jacques Maritain long ago taught us to call the one the "angelic temptation"; the other we all know as Pascal's beast. Nietzsche and Hitler are somehow plausible after Descartes and Hegel; Hungary was an obvious conclusion for the bear.

The grey areas in both patterns clamor for a new vantage point. They ask for a new light, where neither of the former lights could reach. And this new light cannot be found by sliding between the other two. One must go farther. Exactly! Neither of the other two positions *goes far enough*. Usually we consider the "angelic temptation" as an extreme, but it is not so. At least it counts on intelligence; at least it thirsts for an ordered existence. But it does not see that intelligence *is* in fact capable of piercing the imponderables of history, the mixed intelligibility of the *given* social and political situation. It does not see that there *is* an order, but not one already existing, laid up in heaven, "Which if once we gazed upon, my beloved, we should die of love and longing"; it is, rather, an *order to be created*. It does not see, in a word, that history is in motion, is never at a perfectly intelligible term (a heaven) but nonetheless evolving among possibilities that *are* intelligible, and whose actuation requires human courage and intelligence, with the blessings of God. This is no place to go into the conditions of that actuation; nor into the fact that the possibilities diminish with every choice made and every stride taken; and that unintelligent and malicious actions throw into the situation factors that are correspondingly incomprehensible. What needs to be fixed in mind is not that the idealist is too ideal, but that he is not ideal enough. He is without courage.

Nor is the Machiavellian better off. He has a penchant for facing facts, but *his* kind of facts. He understands only his kind of rationality; he has cut intelligibility down to his size. He cannot understand the logic of the eleven-year-old carrying bottles of gasoline with himself into the tracks of a Stalin tank. Images for the Hitlers or Mussolinis or the Soviet regimes spontaneously come as animal metaphors: cunning, roaring, smashing with a paw. But here again is amputation of what man is.

WHAT IS man? Perhaps our explorations have been telling us. He is beyond positivism, he is beyond idealism. He is somewhere in that area that neither expedience nor utopianism illumines. How can we forge terms for this? How can we explore this area? How can we evolve a pattern of mind capable of analyzing it? It seems we must push our minds up to a new height—not to a middle ground between, not to an extreme ground beyond, but to a higher ground above.

The first aim of such a pattern of vision is to *understand*—not to be sure, or to be clear; though obviously these follow, more or less, on understanding. Its second task is to understand how we understand; that is, to account for the power and limits of our own intelligence. (It is necessary to see that there *are* at least these three patterns for the mind, and to see the difference, and to affirm the pattern which most suits its own inherent needs.) Next, it is a pattern that is dynamic, on-the-move; for it swings out from an active intelligence that always has more questions and is not satisfied until all questions are answered. Thus it does not confuse term with process, utopia with earth, eschatology with history; it is satisfied with what intelligibility is possible and allows for development and change: it does not ask for Venuses full-blown, nor for institutions frozen at a moment in history, nor for all possibilities to be realized at once or ever.

It is a pattern that always moves on things in threefold echelon. It clearly distinguishes sense-observation from intelligence (grasp of possibility—we can conceive *anything*) and intelligence from reflective judgment. In the same formation, it clearly distinguishes phenomena, intelligible unity, and existence. And again in the same formation, it clearly distinguishes expedience, utopia, and the actual world. Further, it is a

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pattern that hopes from things, not a mysterious and naive radiation of "being," nor an obscure communication with some static "form" in them, but answers for a questioning intelligence; that is, intelligibility. It grows from one progressive stage of understanding to a higher and more all-inclusive one. Thus it is convinced of the power of intelligence, not to make a utopia, but to live in courage and dignity with what we have, and to advance.

Finally, it is necessary to remark that this pattern of vision has nothing to do with schools of thought. It cannot live in schools, only in persons. One can master in the schools a whole system of definitions, but in the wrong pattern of vision; the danger is only the greater wherever the philosophy must be mass-produced. Nor has this pattern anything to do with faith. It demands no faith; it is an achievement open to every man who comes to grips with the powers of his own mind. Nor is faith limited to those of this pattern—experience and utopias it has seen aplenty. At the most optimistic, it is a pattern open to faith, and the most sure intellectual base for faith.

In this regard, it must be remembered that Catholicism is not natural reason nor natural religion (and even if it were, would all men be on its side?). It does not claim to be the one camp that by natural process all must automatically or forcibly belong to. Its claim is to be open to all men; to *oblige* all men by the very profoundest depths of their nature, touched by the call to rejuvenate itself and surpass itself beyond wildest imagination. But the very freedom with which this obligation in man's own heart is heard and answered *necessitates*—in creatures who can fail—the existence of two camps, two cities. There must be, and there always are, those who hear and accept, and those who for one reason or another do not. That there are two cities is no mystery to those who know what faith and freedom are. To those who do not know even this much, division is always a source of scandal; the skeptic temptation belongs to those who fear real freedom and its risk.

THE QUESTION of those who hear but do not, on their own free choice, accept, is easy. The question of those who do not hear at all (if there can be any such in the world today, where traces of Revelation are in every wind), has always been a difficult one. Suffice it to say that there can be no freedom nor responsibility where there are no alternatives. But our chief problem is with those who hear, and who have good will, but who do not believe. To these, the historic and present image of the Church may seem a revelation that contradicts the Revelation of Christ. And they will quote: "By their fruits you shall know them." But then there are two things which interfere with one's seeing of the fruits: one's pattern of vision, and one's looking for the wrong fruits. For the fruits of Christianity are deceptive. The Christian revolution is a quiet revolution; its greatest achievements are inner; its deepest life is hidden in God. St. Augustine perhaps more than any other Christian was tortured over this hiddenness and paucity of true believers: how much chaff, how little pure wheat on the area-floor; how large each grain of chaff, how small the wheat. Externally, Christ has turned proportions upside-down.

Let us look at the non-believer. Too idealistic, he may want a super-historic Church somehow, he may expect some force that would *make* saints of men. He would like to see a sure-fire ferment, a potency that never missed coming to fulfillment. This is a mathematician's image-world, an efficiency-expert's world, the world of the man who longs for order, peace, sense. But how keep freedom in such a world? How keep possibilities? How keep irony or tragedy—or history? The Grand Inquisitor staggered under such a dream. Just so, he who thinks Catholicism eliminates tragedy from human experience (by always redeeming failure) misses the profound imbedding of the grain in history, where it is of the essence (of creaturehood) to be able—even finally—to fail.

Too positivistic, on the other hand, the non-believer simply has no eyes for values: what can life be but so much straw? But much more troubling still is the equivocator who must be positivistic in one area of experience, human in another. Here is the mind that acts expedience with the left, but crusading motives with the right. Who says life is meaningless, yet loves. Who sees politics as power, yet longs. Who cannot accept the challenge that man is intelligent, yet ever asks questions. Who cannot accept even the possibility of a final (supernatural) response, yet cannot really bear to live naturally. Such a world is hateful, twisted —and common. It sounds practical, like Sancho Panza; it is Quixotic, for it ceases to ask questions. It views the Church in history as a power force among power forces; the priesthood as a cleverly conceived caste—the whole thing as at best wishful, at worst tyrannical. But until phenomena can enter its vision that disrupt the "expedient" pattern of interpretation, how can it even conceive of, much less affirm, things really worth living for? Until it can see the ambivalence of its shifts from a nihilating positivism to a human compromise in living, how can it possibly ask the right questions? Until it can find a third alternative between utopias of perfect forms and process where nothing lasts—that is, an alternative of process in which things imperfectly *grow* to term—how can it possibly come to grasp Christ's mustard seed?

BUT FOR THE Catholic must come a greater penetration and living of the mystery. He asks himself, what does God reveal of this universal law in giving to

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us the Church? For the Church is a continuing revelation; its presence is a continuous "sign raised up for the nations," as the Vatican Council saw. And here too one's pattern of vision dictates what one sees. Approach with the pattern of what could be or should be, and one envisages all sorts of programs that begin: "If only Catholics would . . .", and that promise then a pleasing image that will attract souls, etc. But will such programs tell us what the Church exists to say? Will these programs give us Revelation? It seems rather there will be always something false in them. They give us a term-world of Christianity, an image where there is a good deal more perfection than we now know of, a program of "practical, realistic" steps adapted from this image to an interpretation of the existing real world. So far, so good; but this does not seem to be the meaning of the Church. For what of periods of little zeal, of little idealism? What really happens, it seems, is that the apologist is forced to run breathlessly from one battlefield to another, trying to give the right image of the Church where his fellow Catholics have given the wrong or uninspiring image. And bitterness dogs many ardent Catholics for no other reason: they cannot keep up.

Approach, on the other hand, with the pattern of vision of the expedient mind, and one sees little wrong with the present or historic image of the Church: After all, most men are slaves of passion or prejudice; they'd criticize the Church and the clergy whatever is done. One tends then to see the Church as an external society like all external societies—like the Republic of Venice or the Kingdom of France, as it is said. This is not inaccurate, in a way; but the images and the unconscious attitudes it conjures up cry for comparison with the Gospel. One tends to look at buildings, at pressure-power, at crowds, at numbers of Communions —at "facts"—to buttress one's security. (Amazing that this of all minds is suspicious of statistical sociology.) What results is a boasting of the "glories" of the Church: of Crusades and Canonized Saints and Kingdoms swayed and Catholic Generals saying Science Not Enough. The expedient mind has no choice but to produce favorable facts, and to be blind to disturbing facts, for the sake of its peace. The experience of seeing a man possessed at unconscious moments of such externalism and saying such pious things at other moments—all obviously in blissful ignorance—is one of the most driving arguments for admitting the presence of, not ill will or hypocrisy, but a pattern of mind that freezes the faith.

WHAT THEN is the true image of the Church? God became man. There is the first revelation about our existence. Christ is committed to history. He is open to failure and utter degradation. "Ugly and, as it were, despised and the most abject of men." (Is. 53). Neither utopia nor expedience can grasp this nettle. For given to the more or less unintelligible flux of possibilities is now God's Son; God ratifies the creation He has made by accepting it as it is for His Son too. Further, He accepts the unintelligibility thrown into history by unreason and malice; Christ is given to the mercy of this too. And of course there is no mercy. The Sanhedrin finds it expedient that a strong and innocent man die. Pilate finds no guilt but condemns. Enemies made over the months crush Him. And He dies seeing nothing done, nothing a success. The Resurrection comes to complete the mystery, but it is *afterwards*. Most of all, for our purposes, it is incomplete in so far as the members of Christ go, so far as the Church goes. It is done, we are already with Christ in God, the battle is already won—but only in faith, not to our eyes. This, I think, is the mystery of the cross, "The sign raised up among the nations."

The Church, too, is this sign. The Church is this same revelation continued. So it is that the Church suffers and is disfigured, is betrayed and grows weary, has no energy and falls almost to death. What God is revealing to us again and again is the mystery of our existence: life is like this. Natural laws are not suspended. Unintelligible malice reaps its due fruit of complication and absurdity in society. Weakness and failure and betrayal mature into disaster. Scandal and blindness and hardness grow swiftly where their seeds fall; good seed dies where the soil is thin. But under this all, as under the disfigured Christ, is the Son of God. This is what Revelation asks of us. Our existence is an imprisonment, and Redemption is not utopian freedom but freedom that suffers. One must *stay in* the world. One must stay in expedience and blind power and the play of unknown possibilities. On the other hand, into unintelligibility comes the Light; among imponderables, threads the Way; into what would be worse than death comes the Life. Faith asks this of us. But faith cannot ask even this if we do not exorcise ourselves of patterns of vision incompatible with its acceptance, or its maturation in full, blooming Christian life.

Thus we Catholics need not plan "if only. . . ." We need not wait until Catholics come to fuller knowledge of the Faith, or live it more fully, and thus lend to the Church its "true" external image. We could do no better than humbly admit what we are, preach it even on the housetops, our disfigurements in Christ as well as our beauty in Him. For the Revelation God is giving through the Church is not finished beauty or perfection; it is beauty-in-process, it is beauty often wasted or twisted or abominated. But often, too, reaching its term, its hidden term. And as many have remarked before, the sight of one of these rare lives is worth more than all the rest of life. God, too, seems to look at existence that way.

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His life is a work of art—in this case, of satirical art

The Inimitable Dali

by FRANK GETLEIN

SALVADOR DALI—the very name is a painter's name. Offhand, it strikes you as probably the best such since Andrea del Sarto; and like Andrea del Sarto, it goes a shade too far. Dali himself has shown the same intense interest in his name that he has shown in everything else connected with himself. "Salvador," to Salvador, clearly means that he was born to be the savior of painting. If this is his destiny, however, he is far from having fulfilled it—farther, indeed, than when he discovered it three decades ago. The painting that now enjoys the vogue that once was Dali's is as far beyond the cubism he thought to save painting from as cubism was beyond Dali's own essentially classical idea of what painting should be. To make matters worse, the newest of the new painting—abstract expressionism, action painting, tachism—which is diametrically opposed to Dali's painting practice, finds its theoretical justification in the principles of irrationality that Dali himself enunciated. His celebrated "paranoiac-critical method" has now been replaced by an uncritical paranoia.

This notion of being the "savior" of painting has the arrogance we think typical of Dali, yet the attitude behind it is not a Dali invention. Indeed the attitude is traditional. From the early years of the nineteenth century, there is hardly a painter of importance who hasn't said much the same thing, or had it said for him. One result is a frightening mortality rate among saviors. Nothing achieves discard more swiftly than last year's messiah when this year's shows up. A happier result is the infinite variety of modern painting, much of which yields some part of that pleasure and enrichment we expect from art. Dali's work can yield a great deal of it, but in addition to the handicap natural to all replaced salvationism, the painter himself erected an immense barrier to our appreciation.

In the days when Dali was big news, roughly the decade from 1933 to 1943, American news photographers had standing orders to keep an eye on Dali. Dali responded like a press agent's dream. The bathtub crashing through the Fifth Avenue window, the New York World's Fair project, the mystique of the mustache, all created an image in a hurry. And the painting itself struck many as an adjunct of the public personality. That wider and more serious attention is due Dali's thirty-five years of steady production is the point of departure for a new, large size, copiously illustrated book. *(Dali: A Study of his Life and Work.* By A. Reynolds Morse, with an Appreciation by Michel Tapié. New York Graphic Society. $15.)

IT IS NO deprecation of Mr. Morse's thorough and readable text to say that the first value of the book is the hundred and thirteen fine reproductions, seventeen of them in color. There are painters whom we remember mainly as a style or manner, and most of the abstract-expressionists are such. Dali is not, although the manner is highly individual. For most people he exists in the mind expressed in particular paintings—the "Persistence of Memory" at the Museum of Modern Art, or, more recently, the Glasgow "Crucifixion" or the National Gallery "Last Supper." The sequence of photographs here reminds us of the wide variety of subject, manner and feeling Dali has employed.

The physical book itself deserves to be a model in the field. Most art books, like most other books, are vertical. This one is horizontal. The change recognizes, in the first place, that paintings are by no means all vertical; beyond that the horizontal format allows a restful use of space. The over-all layout is superb, with an unusually convenient coordination of text, picture sequence and captions, those for the color plates being written by the painter.

Mr. Morse's text is packed with useful information. He is a collector who has specialized in Dali, and one value of his text is the identification of various pieces of landscape around Dali's native village and present residence. A total and sometimes aggressive dedication to a single painter has its drawbacks, but basically Mr. Morse's position is the best from which to write on any artist. As regards criticism, he accepts the elaborate running commentary that Dali has conveniently provided for his own work through the years, from paranoiac-critical right up through nuclear-mystical. The advantage here is that Mr. Morse at once provides a reasonably ordered progression of Dali's highly orna-

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mental auto-exegesis and handles all the delightful terms with a simplicity and clarity that Dali himself never stooped to. Mr. Tapié for his part insists chiefly on the strong thread of unity running through all Dali's rich variety.

This unity is real. I recently saw Dali's thirty-year-old movie, "An Andalusian Dog," and was startled to note a detail I'd previously missed. When the girl leaps up at the cyclist's arrival, a book falls to the floor; for just a fraction of a second we see a reproduction of Vermeer's "Lacemaker." And in 1954 Dali went to the Louvre and copied the "Lacemaker," fragmented by zooming rhinoceros horns, a current preoccupation. His latest film project is "The Prodigious Story of the 'Lacemaker' and the Rhinoceros." This same kind of reappearing image links many of Dali's early works to later ones. The rhinoceros horn itself is but the latest of the elongated objects that are a constant: French bread, crutches and giraffes on the side of selection; skulls, heads, pianos, elbows, knees and buttocks on the side of distortion.

The "Lacemaker" brings up Dali's concern with other artists and with specific paintings of the past. There is the tiny picture, haunting and witty at the same time, "The Ghost of Vermeer of Delft, Which Can Be Used as a Table," the series of variations on Millet's "Angelus," the "Skull of Zurbaran," and the numerous individual works which employ structures and details from museum pictures. This concern is obviously a key to an important aspect of Dali's work; I think it is probably the key to the whole outrageous public life of Salvador Dali. For when you get right down to it, Dali's life has really been rather quiet, exemplary in many respects according to conventional standards. Extraordinary talent became apparent at a very early age and he has spent most of his life developing it. He married but once and with Gala has had what appears an idyllically happy marriage. After youthful adventures in the great world, he and Gala returned to the scene of his childhood and there—the horrible truth—he works hard.

WHAT ABOUT the outrages? The bathtub through the window, the lecture in the diver's suit, the block-long loaf of bread to be left, early in the morning, at, I believe, the St. Regis? Some of these adventures were pure youthful enthusiasm, a kind of innocent *hubris* such as characterized Surrealism's immediate predecessor, Dada. Insofar as it has continued in later life, Dali's instinct for the outrageous has manifested itself chiefly in statements, the subjects of which are either his own artistic virtue or the total depravity of all other modern art.

Dali once illustrated an edition of *Don Quixote,* and I think the whole history of outrage, more oral than active and governed throughout by a consummate sense of style, is actually a sustained achievement in the spirit of Cervantes. The Dali of the public life combines Cervantes, with his strictures against chivalrous romances and his earnest burlesque of them, and Sancho Panza, with his eye out for the main chance as it may come glimmering through the folly. The chivalrous romances, of course, are modern art, beginning with cubism and the considerable body of manifestos and theologies which it has occasioned. If you wanted an Orlando Furioso or an Amadis de Gaul, it would certainly be Dali's distinguished countryman, Picasso; even though Picasso has never been explicatory about his work, he has not been lacking in exegetes. What we are confronted with is a late embodiment of the idea widely current when Dali was born, in 1904, of life as a work of art; in this particular case a work of satirical art.

Consciousness of art, of the art of the past, of being a painter— all are evident in Dali's paintings in more ways than the ever-present references to Millet, to Vermeer and, more recently, to Raphael and Leonardo, Throughout the work there is a joy in sheer mastery of painting that is perhaps the basic characteristic of Dali's art. This is usually but not always coupled with an image meant to be "disturbing" and which is almost always highly intellectual: "Morphological Echo," of 1936, shows nine objects above a table, three by three.

Examination proves the three on the table to be conventional still life objects; the three in the middle distance to be human figures whose postures pick up the still life shapes; and the three in the far distance to be architectural structures which again repeat the forms. All nine are of the same size and the masterfulness of the perspective emerges as much more important than the commonplace observation that things of different orders can resemble one another. The balance is so exquisite that, once you have seen both views, you can go back and forth at will between nine miniature objects in a single plane to nine life-size objects stretched into vast distance.

This ambidexterity is typical of Dali. Many of the pictures of the thirties are landscapes which turn out to be figures. Mr. Morse points out that "the hard, rigid object—watch, piano, violin-cello, or skull—is dripping and limp with exhaustion. The idea is rich in Freudian overtones." The idea is; the pictures aren't. What they are rich in is painterly virtuosity. Dali's few "straight" paintings are tremendously impressive examples of draftsmanship and total command; from them occasionally arises a compelling image that is also a Dalinian idea: "Original Sin" juxtaposes a naked human foot, with a small snake banded around the ankle, and a pair of broken-down shoes. What more challenging to the virtuoso in paint than the visually impossible?

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YET OUT of this blatant display of technical perfection there comes image after image that has meaning and emotive power for us. In our time the perfect image of reality is not calculated to produce the effects of painting as art, yet with Dali it does. The "Persistence of Memory" is an example, with the watches melting from the branches against the empty landscape. The "Spectre of Sex Appeal" is another, and different from either is "Soft Construction With Boiled Beans," a Goya face atop such a body as might result from fallout mutations. The specifically "Freudian" or sexual is as often as not humorous: "Young Virgin Auto-Sodomized by her own Chastity" is a brilliant and funny picture: the girl leans out over a railing, her buttocks at once modulating into legs and sweeping out into great rhinoceros horns, with another rhinoceros horn about to penetrate and two more floating off into space over her head. The exploded images begin in 1948 with Gala as Leda with swan. The parts float away from one another, shadows and perspective are beautifully handled, and the whole is a prime example of Aristotle's "probable impossible."

Sheer craftsmanship moves with idea right up to the present. The Glasgow "Crucifixion" is so superbly done that it is not immediately realized that it, too, is a trick painting. But there are two entirely separate points of view in the painting. We look down on the head of Christ, yet we are on the same level as the fishermen figures on the beach, on whom the Christ is looking down. Again, this is manifestly impossible, but the baroque effectiveness of the work obliterates the impossibility. The subtle violence done to conventional vision powerfully symbolizes the interpenetration of time and eternity, the meaning of the Event.

Everything we have had to learn in order to see modern painting forms a barrier against our seeing Dali's work. Yet in his work is much to urge us to get over the barrier.

UNDERSTANDING THE BIBLE

The Book of Books

by JOSEPH A. FITZMYER

THERE IS no book read more frequently today than the Bible and yet what a book of mystery it remains! In one form or another the question is inevitably put by its inquiring reader, "What is the Bible?" A renewed curiosity to find out what the Bible is all about accompanied the post-war upsurge of interest in religion, and it has been whetted by rumors floating around about the Church's "new attitude" toward Scripture. The result is a widespread desire to learn more about the Book of Books.

The publishers of "Hawthorn Books" have recently begun a series of translations entitled The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism. Its first title is *What is the Bible?* by Henri Daniel-Rops, member of the Académie Francaise and editor-in-chief of the French series being translated. *Qu'est-ce que la Bible?* is the attempt of the brilliant French writer to face a question frequently put to him in recent times in his own country. His very readable answer will now go far in clearing up doubts and queries in the minds of English readers as well.

Daniel-Rops begins his answer thus, "There is a unique and inexhaustible book in which all there is to say about God and man is said. God's presence pervades it and in it are revealed all those aspects of his mysterious being that we are allowed to glimpse; in it he appears, he speaks and he acts. Man can also see himself in it, in all his potentialities, his grandeur and his weakness, from his sublimest aspirations down to those obscure regions of consciousness in which each of us bleeds from the wound of original sin. It embodies above all a religious doctrine, the doctrine of the revealed truth; but human knowledge and intellectual activity also find in it rich and never-failing nourishment."

But Daniel-Rops does not remain on such a grandiloquent level throughout the rest of the book. He explains in simple language many of the things people always want to know about the Scriptures: the growth of the books of the Bible, their gathering into a "canon," their inspiration, their literary forms, their historical connections and limits, the "senses" of Scripture and the significance of the Book as a whole. Daniel-Rops' work can profitably be used by the inquiring layman looking for a book to start him off in his search for the answers to some of his problems

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about the Bible. The author will be pardoned for the few inaccuracies and oversimplifications that have crept into his text, for his book will certainly spur the reader on to further study and this will be the necessary remedy.

What is the Bible? is intended to dispel some of the mystery that enshrouds the sacred Book for Catholics. It must be admitted that they are behind their Protestant brothers in reading the Bible. Daniel-Rops finds the reason for their attitude toward the Bible partially in the reaction to Luther's break from the Church and in the excessive caution used in interpreting the decrees of the Council of Trent, which permitted the faithful to read the Bible only in authorized vernacular translations padded with comments. "It became common to hear it said: 'The Bible is on the Index,' or 'A Catholic must not read the Bible.' "

BUT THE attitude toward the Bible among twentieth-century Catholics is rooted more immediately in the reaction to the rationalist attacks of the last century and the modernist crisis at the beginning of this one. The final decipherment of the Rosetta stone about 1822 opened up a new discipline, Egyptology, which revealed a literature and a civilization that was contemporary with much of the Old Testament. Assyriology, which brought to light the culture of the Mesopotamian neighbors of the Israelites, blossomed into a science with the decipherment of the Bisitun trilingual inscription in 1839. This new light shed on the Old Testament from the cultures bordering on the ancient Land of the Bible was announced to a Europe struggling with the effects of the French Revolution, Germany's *Aufklärung* and Italy's striving for unity. Hyper-rationalist spirits, imbued with the sentiments of their day, caught up the new data to exploit their sensational aspects (just as we have recently witnessed the journalistic exploitation of the Dead Sea Scrolls).

When Catholic scholars began to interest themselves in the new disciplines of Egyptology and Assyriology, they often met with a lack of understanding and sympathy among confreres whose idea of the Bible was frequently naive. With imprudent impatience some of them broke under the opposition and became radical critics of the Church's defense of the divine origin of Scripture. This was the modernist crisis; the dark clouds of this storm and of the reaction to it pervaded the intellectual atmosphere of the Church well into the first third of this century. Doctrines like the inspiration of the Bible and its inerrancy were attacked with a vehemence born of emancipated intellectualism and reaffirmed with a vigor fired by besieged integralism. The Bible had become a "dangerous Book" and the Scripture scholar a potential Faust.

As a sort of beacon to direct the course of Scripture scholars in the hazardous waters of the modernist storm, the Church set up the Biblical Commission. There is now little doubt that the very strict interpretation given to some of its restrictive decrees in the first part of this century was responsible for the spread of the idea that the Bible itself was a "dangerous book." Recently a semi-official re-interpretation of the decrees has been issued, stressing their contingent character (that they were suited to a definite historical context and to the times in which they were published). Insofar as a decree is connected with faith or morals, "it naturally retains all its authority and remains binding. But very often the decisions of the Biblical Commission, by the very nature of their subject, have no connection with faith or morals. The Commission has generally intervened in questions of a historical or critical nature. In questions of this kind new evidence may re-open a question which might have seemed settled" (J. Dupont, *Révue Biblique,* 1955: 419). Most of the decrees were occasioned by the modernist crisis and issued between 1905-1915. In the calm after the storm Catholic scholars have reexamined the questions and have made use of new evidence in many cases. Today they hold better developed and more correctly nuanced opinions that are quite different from those of their predecessors over whose heads the dark clouds hung. For instance, in 1908 the Commission replied in the negative to the inquiry, "whether there were solid arguments . . . to prove that the book of Isaiah was not to be attributed to Isaiah himself alone, but to two or even more authors." Today Catholic commentators generally admit that the second part of the book was composed long after the time of Isaiah.

THE WINDS of time have swept away the dark clouds and the storm positions once taken up in time of danger have been abandoned. Two great encyclicals on the Study of Scripture have done much to clear the atmosphere for Catholics interested in the Bible. The first, *Providentissimus Deus,* penned by Leo XIII in the midst of the storm (1893), reaffirmed the essential teachings of the Church and bade scholars to interest themselves seriously in the new disciplines for the positive values to be gained from them. The second, *Divino Afflante Spiritu,* written fifty years after the first, has since become the Magna Carta of twentieth-century Biblical scholarship. In it Pius XII emphasized the philological study of the texts, the need to determine the "literary" sense of Scripture together with its theological import, and the absolute necessity to understand the genre or form of the literature in which the divine message was couched.

There is no doubt that the Church's attitude has changed in many of the secondary questions, which were often erroneously linked in the minds of some to dogmatic questions. But her dogma of inspiration and

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its consequent doctrine of inerrancy still stand, but they have been refined and nuanced in ways that would not have been possible in the middle ages nor even at the renaissance. Such historical factors account for the "new attitude" toward Scripture and for the Church's attempt to interest the clergy and the laity more and more in the reading of the Bible. The celebration of "Bible Week" each year is supposed to stir up such interest.

But the attitude of the modern Catholic toward the Bible is also due to the embarrassment that he experiences in opening the Book itself. On almost every page he is confronted with problems that render difficult and almost impossible his comprehension of what he reads. It is at this point that Daniel-Rops' book is meant to help.

The modern Catholic usually knows that the Bible is "inspired" or that it contains the "Word of God." Unfortunately, for many Catholics, as for many of their Protestant neighbors such a description may mean anything from the idea that the Book fell from heaven (in Douay or King James English, to boot) to that of a benign old gentleman whispering mystic words in the ear of the Beloved Disciple. The result is an attitude that regards the inspired writing in the most naive and fundamentalist way.

To put the rôle of the human author of Scripture in its proper perspective was one of the main efforts of Pius XII's encyclical. Though we speak of the Bible as "the Word of God," it is His message channeled, as it were, through a man who was the product of a definite land, race, culture and age, completely conditioned by his environment. Just as a man might take up a hammer to drive in a nail, so God in a somewhat similar fashion used a human being with all his concrete, individual perfections and imperfections as an instrument to compose the books of the Bible. These were not all composed at one time but had very different human authors, each conditioned by the thought habits of the age and land in which he lived. That is why the historical and archaeological study of the past is so necessary to the understanding of the divine message of the Bible. The twentieth-century man must project himself into the mentality of the ancient author to comprehend the inspired message.

THE DIVINE inspiration of the Bible was not a mechanical dictation of a message by God to a chosen secretary. Nor did it confer the character of revelation on every sentence that the human author had composed. The author of Second Maccabees received a divine impulse to condense into one volume the five tomes of Jason the Cyrenian, a secular history (2.23). The product was an inspired work from the first word to the last, accepted by the Jews of Alexandria into their canonical collection of sacred books and subsequently adopted by the Christian Church as Scripture.

But Second Maccabees did not thus automatically become a collection of divine revelations merely by reason of its inspiration. Nor did divine inspiration confer on a book the character of historicity, if it were never intended to have it. Daniel-Rops quotes the words of Msgr. Weber, the Bishop of Strasbourg, who certainly recognized this when he wrote, "The books of Ruth, Tobias and Esther and also, though in a different way, the book of Jonas, belong to the category of works of edification and include obviously fictitious elements," prudently adding, "but for all that we are not entitled to treat them purely as novels in the modern style." These books were inspired, even though composed by authors whose norms for recounting events, not being those of twentieth-century historical writing, permitted them to embellish a factual nucleus with religious or theological nuances or to cast it in a pedagogical framework for didactic purposes.

What is of essential importance, as Pius XII's encylical made clear, is to appreciate the mentality of the ancient human author. For the degree of truth affirmed in his statement is proportionate to the literary form in which the sacred message is couched. The truth in a poetic passage is not the same as that expressed in a factual account of an event. Nor have we a right to take every juxtaposition of subject and predicate in the Bible as an affirmation of a truth. In First Corinthians Paul wrote, "I am thankful that I never baptized any of you except Crispus and Gaius" (1.14). From this inspired statement we gather that Paul baptized only Crispus and Gaius at Corinth. But two verses later he states categorically, "I did baptize the members of the household of Stephanas" (16). This is an enlightening example, showing that the clearest statement must sometimes be understood other than the way in which it appears at first sight. It also warns us against uprooting isolated statements from their context and erecting them into absolute truths when they were meant to be understood only against a background of similar statements that may well be scattered over wide areas within the same book or perhaps even within different books (for example, within the different Pauline letters).

In German Protestant theological circles today there is much talk of the need to "demythologize" the New Testament for modern man. But there is not so much need to demythologize the New Testament as there is to "re-mythologize" the mind of modern man, so that he can understand the New Testament. In other words, he must try to find out what the divine message meant to the human writer used by God and to his contemporaries. For, as we read in *The Imitation of Christ,* "all Scripture should be read in the spirit in which it was written."

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OUR OWN JAILERS

ALMOST A DECADE ago I wrote an article in these pages called "The Failure of Anti-Communism." The article, to no one's surprise, least of all mine, was strongly criticized when it appeared. One set of critics read into it a shameful indifference to the Communist danger, domestic and international. Another thought it was an unrealistic, naive appeal for "positive thinking" about a problem that has always demanded hard, negative thoughts. It was neither.

The article was written at the beginning of the Korean war. I said in it that our approach to the problem of Communism had been so badly conceived over the years that the young soldiers about to engage in battle with Communist troops—though they were "anti-Communist" almost to a man—often had little or no idea of what the fighting was about. Later, the nation was stunned to learn how true this was. When the story of G.I. defeatism in Korea and the extent of American collaborationism in the prison camps was revealed two years ago, it provoked shock and chagrin on all sides. We heard cries that our youth was spoiled rotten, that Americans had grown soft, that morals were at a low, low ebb. This was hardly the point. The point was that "anti-Communism" as these boys conceived it did not stand up.

The public's shock over G.I. behavior in Korea passed soon enough. It was not long before we forgot about it and went on about our business—and for years now "anti-Communism" has been part of our business.

It was said in that article, written shortly after Senator McCarthy came into national prominence, that until Americans, American Catholics especially, began to take Communism seriously, opposition to Communism would continue to be identified with emotional crusades, lost partisan political causes and the melodramatic theory of history which accounts for all Communist successes by attributing them to vast betrayals, monstrous conspiracies and diabolical cunning. I said bluntly that as long as "anti-Communism" was equated with Communion-breakfast oratory, right-wing delirium and partisan appeal, it was doomed.

Almost a decade later, I still meet people who identify themselves as "anti-Communists" as if opposition to Communism were limited to a small sect and who regard every setback for their sectaries as a major defeat in the Cold War. Such people have long brandished "anti-Communism" as a weapon with which to fight their partisan battles at home and used it as a bludgeon to wreck American programs abroad. If they ever did, they have long since stopped regarding Communism as a real problem. I no longer have any hope of converting them to seriousness; they seem to me to be congenitally frivolous.

They are not the only ones, however. Most of us, I am afraid, have yet to take the Communist challenge seriously. It is a vast challenge, with spiritual, political and military aspects. Maybe because it is so vast, in our separate ways we all tend to reduce its proportions to the kind of "anti-Communism" which exacts small toll. For some it is the strengthening of pro-Western governments, whatever their intrinsic merits—an expenditure of money. For others it is the simple pronouncement of pieties and issuance of statements about our way of life and the fundaments of our Christian tradition—an expenditure of words. Most of us, I am afraid, are satisfied by the sheer piling up of deadly weapons. We are sustained by an almost boundless faith in military stalemate.

All this of course is necessary. We need strong governmental allies. We should articulate the traditions of the West. We should keep an arms balance. We should keep alert to the possibility of domestic conspiracy and sabotage, though many of us have grown a bit cynical about the logic involved in saying that domestic Communism becomes more dangerous to the extent that anti-Communism succeeds.

But, however necessary and valuable any of these programs are, they can only buy time. Time for what?

At present we seem doomed to life in a world of pseudo-infinitudes: the amount of money that can be poured into resisting Communist appeals to weak governments seems endless; the number of orations that can be given on the superiorities of the West over the Communist East seems limitless; the multiplication of horror weapons can go on and on and on. I suppose too that the pursuit of native Communists will get ever more urgent until, following the present logic, we will achieve ultimate peril—only one Communist will remain.

But the infinitudes are only apparent. Some day we are going to have to decide just what kind of world we want to leave to posterity. To a great extent it will have to be a world we never made, but we are not helpless by any means.

We are richly endowed with that most dangerous of all gifts, power. We can use that power not only to resist Communism and react to its successes, as we have done, but to "wage peace," to use a happy phrase that has lost its charm. This means daring, initiative, imagination. Such qualities are not unknown among Americans. But when will they be released? In recent years "anti-Communism" has become a kind of prison.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

"WE CALL IT TIRED BLOOD!"

MR. SPEED LAMKIN'S variation on the domestic manners of Americans is a relentless exercise in *kitsch,* that art of the bogus which is a major enterprise of popular culture. Through a footling evening, "Comes A Day" carries the thematic baggage of contemporary realism—minor class snobbery, genteel alcoholism, disenchantment, neurotic sexuality and so on—with none of the troubling weight of reality. It is alive not in its nuances, but in its echoes of other plays done from necessity and desire, and hence imposing, as the factitious "Comes A Day" cannot, their authority of specific presence.

If this were all, the event might be dismissed as an innocuous mistake, and left to its proper fate as a statistic. It detains us, however, horridly, for a variety of reasons: because of Mr. Lamkin's confident assumption to vulgarity, that such tired blood will be of interest; because of the piquant injection with which he seeks to give it vitality and, not least of all, because "Comes A Day" announces a new dramatic genre. It belongs to what I think of privately as The Theater of The Magic Box, all of whose works and days are told on television. It is a mode of inevitable triviality, affecting a surface of naturalism which will be riven, at the appropriate moment, by an occasional weed of predictable insight. When such pettiness is transposed to the theater, not only in its substance but in its form as well—here a production of stunned vacancy, keyed to a monotone, and fashioned about the close-up rather than the scene—it is a matter of speculation what audience may have been conceived as eager for this encounter. Why make a venture of money, forethought and time to suffer an experience one might endure any evening in the dear squalor of one's home, sprawled, like Mr. Ogden Nash's village videot, among the beer cans and the alluring popcorn?

Mr. Lamkin's treatment of his theme evokes comparable night thoughts. He seems not so much to have lived an unhappy domestic life, or to have observed one, as to think that he has done both, and indeed the effect of cynicism in "Comes A Day," of *déjà vu* and business as usual, is so potent that one is moved to stamp as permanently exhausted the dramatic image of the troubled family. To flavor these cold potatoes of middle-class ritual, he has prepared a sauce of pathology—a sadistic suitor, whose habits are generously detailed—from which "Comes A Day" derives its only dramatic bite. It is idle to observe that the motif is wholly gratuitous; that Mr. Tennessee Williams, in "The Glass Menagerie," achieved precisely the same effect, with how much more art, pathetic conviction and human sting, by adopting a directly opposite device. Mr. Lamkin would not be interested, so evident is his satisfaction in that "abuse of the terrible" which is a favorite exercise of the new *chic,* and its confession of all other human bankruptcy.

Miss Judith Anderson has been persuaded out of Olympus into this frowsty world of wrappers, casseroles and anxiety. She brings her resolution and magnetism, that cool technical security which is so reassuring, and a final, more or less automatic, pathos. Her relation to what Mr. Lamkin may have intended is mysterious, however, and neither she nor the other players seem to have been directed to more purpose than that they not trample one another on stage. On the occasion of "Comes A Day," Miss Anderson generously brought to the footlights Mr. George C. Scott, who arrives at wide attention with this appearance. Mr. Scott's cultivated diabolism is as macabre in a sack suit as it is in jabot and silver buckles, though it is less elegant and rather less amusing. It would be a pity to lose to the laws of Madison Avenue an actor who wears period costumes with such infallible conviction, and whose very features and personality seem molded to an image of Elizabethan ruthlessness, scope and fierce aristocracy. It goes also without saying that these portraits of malignity in which Mr. Scott excels—not excluding the Shakespeare Richard III—are but a very limited account of human impulse, a *ficelle,* as it were, from which he will doubtless be glad to escape. To arrive at freedom in his art, Mr. Scott must develop a voice of more continuity, warmth and flexibility; he must also control, ironically, what is his most dominating and exotic quality at the moment: a contempt for human nature, susceptibility and confusion; a contempt somewhat in excess of the circumstances, and so powerfully projected that it lays an uneasy frost on what would otherwise move one to delight. *(At the Ambassador.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

AFTER DYLAN THOMAS

No such imaginings infect us now.
Impostume towns approximate their duties;
traffic increases to a scribbled flow,
talk staunching responsibilities.

No end of fevers shake the sovereign frame
society erects for history's
reduplicative moments. In names
(said Carlyle) histories arise.

The dead severally unaccountable,
adults and children, pity and surprise
us in their passing grown undoubtable.
Soon, nothing will be left to elegize.

CAROL JOHNSON.

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THE SCREEN

ONE TOUCH OF GENIUS

VIEWERS' reactions to "The Horse's Mouth" will depend to a great extent on how they feel about geniuses. In telling the story of Gulley Jimson, the great though relatively unappreciated painter, "The Horse's Mouth" makes an eloquent plea for all men of genius. We first see Gulley, forlorn and disheveled but not contrite, as he comes out of prison, scrounges around for money and looks for a large wall on which he can paint his new mural, "The Raising of Lazarus," which will consist mostly of feet. He gets nowhere with his ex-wife, who left him years ago and took most of his paintings, or with the dealer who now has them and realizes their greatness. But he does find the wall in a wealthy art collector's apartment, which is taken over by Gulley while its owner is away on a winter holiday. To get the money for his art materials, Gulley sells the apartment's furnishings and collectors' items, and then a sculptor friend moves in to help wreck the place. The astounded owner returns to a shambles and an enormous, Rousseau-like Lazarus mural.

"The Horse's Mouth" is an amazing picture on many scores. It has a fine, literate script, written by Alec Guinness from Joyce Cary's novel. And it has a first-rate performance by Guinness, who makes Gulley Jimson a great painter, a man of vision and spirit, and a scamp who is lovable and annoying. "The Horse's Mouth" succeeds in making us understand this fictional painter far better than many a flashier movie has done with true-life geniuses. Outstanding in the large cast under Ronald Neame's direction are Kay Walsh, as a barmaid who's determined that Jimson should be rewarded for his efforts, and Renee Houston as the ex-wife who's equally determined not to part with the nude the artist painted of her. Also outstanding in this English movie are the paintings themselves, which were done by John Bratby and look good in Technicolor, as do the shots of London and the movie's handsome sets. Although it has an odd mixture of humor and pathos, "The Horse's Mouth" cannot be called a comedy or tragedy; and it may not move audiences to laughter or tears—but it will make them consider their debt to men of genius.

ANOTHER thought-provoking English film is "Orders to Kill," which tells the story of an American bomber pilot who in 1944, after many missions over Europe, is trained by the Intelligence Service to kill a Frenchman suspected of betraying Resistance Agents. Although the picture's ending is somewhat flat, its build-up and cast under Anthony Asquith's direction are excellent. Paul Massie, a young Canadian actor, plays the lead role with just the right combination of sincerity, innocence, horror and despair. The boy's tough and ruthless training in the sciences of observing and killing is handled skilfully; and the execution of his mission, after he meets his gentle, kindly victim in Paris, is done with frightening suspense.

While "Orders To Kill" is ostensibly a cloak-and-dagger thriller, it becames much more than that when the American doubts his victim's guilt and muffs his first chance to do him in. Although he has killed hundreds of Germans from the air, he suddenly cannot goad himself into killing this one middle-aged man.

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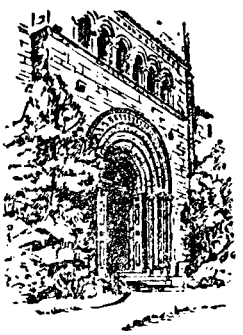

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It would be unfair to reveal too much of this story, which is based on a true episode. Massie makes the young man and his problems in war-time ethics believable; and he is helped by a good cast that includes Leslie French as the victim, Irene Worth as the strong-minded Paris contact, Eddie Albert as the supervising Intelligence officer, James Robertson Justice as the instructor in killing and Lillian Gish in a small role as the boy's mother. "Orders To Kill" doesn't solve the problems it proposes, but it presents them well and in its own way effectively denounces war.

CHEERIER entertainment is supplied in "Mardi Gras," a CinemaScope, De Luxe Color item about a group of V.M.I. cadets on a spree in New Orleans. Youthful audiences will no doubt particularly go for this pleasant little item that has Pat Boone, Tommy Sands, Gary Crosby and Richard Sargent, as roommates from the West Point of the South. The boys carry on in the big city, where Pat is supposed to invite a current movie queen (nicely played by Christine Carere) to the graduation ball at the military institute. Jerry Wald has given all this an elaborate production with many shots of V.M.I. and its cadet corps and even more scenes photographed during the last Mardi Gras. These tend to slow up the action somewhat and so do some of the song numbers, which are nicely sung by the boys with occasional help from the girls. To make things come out right, Sheree North, Jennifer West and dancer Barrie Chase are also on hand as dates. The boys are manly, the girls are pretty, and it's all in fun, without a thought in the carload.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"PRAYER AND PRACTICE"

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Father William Petrek in his review (October 31) of Guardini's *Prayer and Practice* expressed concern about the loose structure of the book: ". . . it is disappointing to see Guardini, a firm advocate of the liturgical life, omitting treatment of the more basic forms of liturgical prayer as modes for personal prayer. Such an introductory chapter would have given proper orientation to both the thought and the form of this volume."

The German version of the book, *Vorschule des Betens* (Matthias Grünewald Verlag), does contain an introductory preface which would render Father Petrak's reservations unnecessary. I shall attempt a crude translation of the preface:

"Prayer is an inner necessity; it is a blessing and a fulfillment—but it is also duty, labor, and self-sacrifice. Hence, there is prayer in experience, but also prayer in practice; there are sources of prayer, but also the school [to learn it in].

"It would be better to speak of the many different kinds of schools. Above all, there is the school of Jesus Christ as it is represented in the New Testament. The person of the Lord is entirely immersed in prayer. There is a continuous and sacred flow of prayer from Him to the Father and from the Father to Him. The gospels speak of it often, for example in the passages of the baptism in the river Jordan (Luke iii, 21) or in their account of His withdrawal into solitude in order to pray (Luke vi, 12; ix, 8; ix, 28-29; xi, 1) or the report of the Last Supper (John xvii) and the hour in the garden of olives (Matthew xxvi, 36-44). Only in relation to prayer can we perceive Jesus clearly and understand His life properly. He has also spoken about prayer explicitly: for example in the Sermon on the Mount where He distinguished genuine prayer from the jabbering of the heathens and the hypocrisy of the Pharisees (Matthew vi, 5-8); or in that memorable hour when His disciples came to Him and asked: "Lord teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples," after which He gave them the Lord's prayer.

"Again there is that school which the Church has established in her Liturgy. This school is one entire prayer by means of word and ritual, executed through spoken and chanted language. The liturgy unfolds throughout the course of the year, permeates all of life, and in it is stored up the wisdom of prayer accumulated through thousands of years.

"Finally there is the school of the great saints which have lived in communion with God and who have reported their experiences in previous writings. They speak of the nature of prayer, of the many stages in its development, [Guardini actually speaks of "ascent."] of its dangers and glories.

"The content of this book probably touches on the teachings of all these schools, but for the main part it precedes them. The title was chosen with deliberation. The book really wants to be nothing but a "Pre-school for Prayer," in which one learns the simple matters. Only here and there, whenever necessity seems to demand it, will the book lead beyond its stated subject. Many will no longer be in need of such a Pre-school. However, those will be the last to disdain it. Many are still duty bound to attend. But most, probably, have not yet walked through its doors.

"Every age is in need of clear and strong prayer, especially ours. May this little book make a small contribution towards the learning of prayer!"

This little preface should allay all the scruples of your reviewer. But the fault is really the publisher's. He should have included Guardini's preface, and given a more accurate translation of the title.

FRANZ SCHNEIDER.

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Critics' Choices for Christmas

WILLIAM CLANCY

THE Lord of History. By Jean Daniélou. Regnery. $5. Père Daniélou's book is a profound probing into the meaning of what happens in time. He examines human history in the light of God's plan for man and, through an analysis of Scripture, the Fathers, and temporal events, illumines it as the history of salvation. Secular history is finally explicable, he argues, only as the history of God's mighty acts. To be engaged in time, therefore, is to be engaged with eternity. Because secular history is dynamic with the Divine dynamism: God's architecture of salvation was not completed with the Resurrection but, in a sense, began there, and it will continue to be built-upon until the end of days. Daniélou's study is a work of great brilliance and beauty, and it is certainly the most "important" new book I have read this year.

The Catholic Church in the Modern World. By E. E. Y. Hales. Hanover House, $4.50. In his widely-praised biography, *Pio Nono,* E. E. Y. Hales argued that this nineteenth century pontiff was one of modern history's most maligned men. Pius IX, he maintained, understood the modern world better than its defenders did, and really served it well by condemning its aberrations. In his new work Mr. Hales surveys a larger area, and makes a similar case. He again argues with unusual effectiveness and style and, again, one may assent to his major theme. But one is also forced to a reluctant conclusion: Mr. Hales is more an apologist than a historian. He is a passionate defender of practically *everything* Catholic, and takes a dim view indeed of almost everything on the "other" side. "We," apparently, have made no mistakes, nor perpetrated any stupidities. But history, alas, is not so convenient, nor does infallibility extend so far. Mr. Hales' book, however, is a brilliant exercise in special-pleading, and if it cannot be recommended as history, it should at least be cherished as art.

Autobiography of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. Kenedy. $4.50. Thérèse of Lisieux is a "scandal"—in the Pauline sense. She is a paradox: naive but knowing, sentimental but realistic, selfish but generous, silly but wise. And above all these things, transforming and transfiguring all these things, is the fact of her holiness, a fact which is immediately, artlessly, overwhelmingly communicated in her autobiography. This book is one of the original, puzzling works of our century. Reading it in the Knox translation of the restored text, one is again seized with its power and mystery, and finds oneself thinking: This can't be true. It is really something invented by Bernanos, but greater than anything to which Bernanos signed his name.

Christians and the State. By John C. Bennett. Scribner's. $4.50. Dr. Bennett, Dean of the Faculty at Union Theological Seminary and co-chairman of *Christianity and Crisis,* has for many years been engaged in the dialectic between Christian insight and contemporary event. His new book is the fruit of this engagement. The life of religion in the secular society is never easy—either for religion or for the secular society, and Dr. Bennett examines the several areas where the two forces are in severest tension. He also suggests ways in which the tensions might be relieved. This is a book that Catholics as well as Protestants should find both stimulating and wise.

Dilemmas of Politics. By Hans J. Morgenthau. University of Chicago Press. $7.50. Professor Morgenthau is one of the few creative political thinkers in America. To the close analysis of current events he brings the discipline both of philosophy and history. The result is invariably rewarding, and this new collection of his essays is a work of great importance for anyone who takes politics seriously.

THOMAS CURLEY

THE Human Condition. By Hannah Arendt. University of Chicago. $4.75. With the exception of Jacques Maritain, Miss Arendt has taught me more than any other living writer. The most provocative qualities of this, her most recent work, are the boldness and originality of her concepts and the thoroughness with which she develops and compares them.

The Ginger Man. By J. P. Donleavy. McDowell-Obolensky. $3.95. One could write a lot of nonsense about this book. It is the best novel, by far, that I have read this year. Read it; then read the critics.

The Leopard. By Victor Stafford Reid. Viking. $3. I recommend this book generally, but particularly to those who have read books about Africa by visiting firemen, or journalists, from the West.

Critique of Religion and Philosophy. By Walter Kaufmann Harper. $5. Miss Arendt urges us to think what we are doing; Professor Kaufmann, a learned and angry man, provokes in us the desire to think, if only to refute him.

The Color of Darkness. By James Purdy. New Directions. $3.50. The short stories in this volume are not all excellent but they are always successful within the limits of Mr. Purdy's intention. Two of the stories, "A Good Woman" and "Sound of Talking" are incomparable. The novelette, "63 Dream Palace," gets better every time I try to read it.

Three Priests. By Joseph Dever. Doubleday. $4.50. All in all this is the only decent novel we have about the American clergy.

ANNE FREMANTLE

DOCTOR Zhivago. By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon. $5. This thick, multidimensional, nourishing book is a great Christian novel in the Dostoevsky tradition. But it is much simpler and saner than

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Dostoevsky, and easier to digest. Yuri is indeed alive—his surname means *alive*—and Boris Pasternak sees life clearly and sees it whole.

Temporal and Eternal. By Charles Péguy. Harper. $3.50. At this time, when so much that is going on in France—the concentration camps, the tortures—makes it easy to feel despair about the eldest daughter of the Church, these essays of Péguy's, very political, very "engaged" in and of their time, are splendidly positive: they are an examination of the French conscience, made by a great Frenchman and a great Christian.

Three Priests. By Joe Dever. Doubleday. $4.50. Joe Dever's solid, realistic novel brings to life a whole era and a whole facet of American life. It is bustlingly alive, busting out all over, and the three priests are, praise be, good ones everyone, and different as only "those within the unity" dare to be.

An American Amen. By John LaFarge. Farrar, Straus. $3.75. Father LaFarge's beautifully written meditation on his well-lived and much-enjoyed life is a Catholic answer to the *Education of Henry Adams*. Only it isn't Father LaFarge who gets educated—it's his readers, and the process is as unlike what Huck Finn feared as it is possible to imagine.

The Autobiography of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. Translated by Ronald Knox. Kenedy. $4.50. Here is the "definitive" manuscript, and it is one of the classics of religious literature: to set beside *The Way of A Pilgrim* and *The Confessions* of St. Augustine. The nerve of this child, her lonely courage, are the best imaginable antidotes to automation, subliminal advertising, and all such horrors.

RICHARD HAYES

LOLITA. *By Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam. $5.* Nabokov's genuine disreputability, his mutinous poetry and wrath, the bliss in which he so often liquidly moves, the specific dazzle and inclusiveness of his scenes, not least, his gay, maddening copiousness, make *Lolita* a possible masterpiece. I am not finally easy with its closing tragic glamour of remorse; the whole wants subtly some last humility of the *natural,* but this is to judge absolutely. Meanwhile, *Lolita* remains the most misread book of its generation, and a sad occasion of those "irritable mental reactions" which, as Mr. Lionel Trilling once said, do duty for ideas in our society.

On Love. By Ortega y Gasset. Meridian. $3.50. One of the last civilized voices on one of the last civilized themes. Harmonious and virile, poetic and exact, Ortega's account of "that splendid triggering of human vitality . . . the supreme activity which nature affords anyone for going out of himself toward something else," is a permanent contribution to what our age most lacks: a great philosophic theory of the sentiments.

Seamarks. By St.-John Perse. Pantheon. $3.50. The incarnation, tumult and suavity of these meditations, their aqueous luster and impulse of archaic memory, rendered by Mr. Wallace Fowlie with eloquence and glow.

Critique of Religion and Philosophy. By Walter Kaufmann. Harper. $5. Mr. Kaufmann making a brisk Teutonic foray among the pieties. Much of this is beyond my ken, but Mr. Kaufmann, a man of disturbing sensibility and sense, recaptures that polemic energy he commends in his mentor, Nietzsche. He is always passionate on art, and uniquely original on man's "deprived ontological interest." It would be instructive to see the more impressive theological minds join him in this dialogue.

The Theater and *Immortal Shadows. By Stark Young. Hill & Wang Dramabooks. $.65 and $1.95.* To speak personally: I owe almost all of my esthetic education to these two books, and Mr. Young's *The Flower in Drama,* and I am grateful to have them made widely available in the excellent, and always unexpected, Hill & Wang Drama series. They are works of profound and humble culture, borne with grace, and their values proceed from one of the seasoned, luminous and beautiful spirits in American literature.

THOMAS MOLNAR

AMERICAN NATIONALISM. *By Hans Kohn. Macmillan. $5.* A well-documented and closely-reasoned book on the American search for the meaning of "Americanism." A mixture of tradition, ideology, and missionary zeal, American nationalism is one of the decisive issues of these times since we—and our foreign policy—tend to shape the world according to the image we have of ourselves.

Man's Western Quest. By Denis de Rougemont. Harper. $3. The Swiss-French philosopher shows on these pages, packed with erudition and brilliant speculation, that the greatness of western man lies in his acceptance of conflicts and tensions: in religion, political life, culture. Refreshing reading today when false prophets impatiently push us towards the adjusted man, the conflict-less society, and the "one-world."

The Affluent Society. By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin Co. $5. The Harvard economist denounces production - mindedness in U.S. industry and society, and suggests that prosperous America should spend more on public services, schools, roads, and garbage collection. A somewhat dull style and with definite socialist tendencies, yet the book is a fascinating expression of contemporary problematics. It makes some extremely interesting points about the Ricardian tradition in economic thinking, the parasitic role of Madison Avenue, and the consequences of society's shift from poverty to affluence.

On the Philosophy of History. By Jacques Maritain. Scribner. $3.50. Maritain's attack on the Hegelians' concept of historical necessity. For the Christian, history is the manifestation of human freedom, but its end does not coincide with the destination of man. History is the river in which we swim towards a distant shore. Why should we then expect of history to transcend, at some point, the tension between good and evil, to be completely reconciled with Christ? As in *Humanisme integral,*

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Maritain argues that in this world "good and evil grow together," so that the Christian will never rest within history: "this is perfectly proper to his condition."

Cathedral and Crusade. By Henri Daniel-Rops. Dutton & Co. $10. Part of the immense and magnificent fresco that a highly competent scholar paints of Church history. The story of medieval man who was religious not because of a Church-campaign to sell religion, but because he thought of himself as moving under the eyes of God, on an earth which is the center of creation. From the fertile soil of this faith grew the cathedral and the crusade, one soaring to the sky, the other seeking expansion here on earth.

J. N. MOODY

THE Catholic Church in the Modern World. By E. E. Y. Hales. Hanover $4.50. No single volume history of the Church from the French Revolution till today could possibly meet every need, but this is the best available. It is very useful to see the problems of the Church in the context of the rapidly changing society of our time.

Church History, Vol. I, Christian Antiquity. Trans. by Victor E. Mills, O.F.M. Newman. $8.50. This can be simply put down as the best survey of the early centuries of Church history. Long recognized as a classic, it has been translated completely from the German. The major emphasis is on the interior life and organization of the Church.

The Bridge: A Yearbook of Judeo-Christian Studies. Vol. III. Edited by Rev. John M. Oesterreicher. Pantheon. $4.50. This volume centers on the Jewish philosopher, Martin Buber, but contains excellent essays on the prophets of the Old Testament, Job, and the spiritual significance of the State of Israel. As in previous volumes, disagreements, as well as common positions, are honestly stated.

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the founder of the Paulists in their centenary year of their foundation. It traces Hecker's Brook Farm association, his debt to Brownson, his conversion to Catholicism, and his life as a Redemptorist. It judiciously handles his separation from that community, and closes at the point where he is free to initiate his *chef d'oeuvre*.

A History of Catholic Higher Education in the United States. By Edward J. Power. Bruce. $7. This scholarly volume will serve as background for the discussion on the position of Catholic intellectuals in contemporary America. Not designed to please all, it gathers a vast amount of material and presents a lucid, and generally fair, account of the efforts of Catholic immigrants to establish centers of Catholic scholarship.

BERNARD G. MURCHLAND

THE American Parish and the Roman Liturgy. By H. A. Reinhold. Macmillan. $3.50. American Catholics are not yet aware of the debt they owe to Father Reinhold for the precious work he has done in pioneering liturgical revival in this country. This book of essays covers a variety of liturgical subjects. It combines a scholar's mature grasp of subject matter and a clear style in an effort to describe the mysterious beauty and reality of the liturgy: the nature of the Roman liturgy, liturgical symbolism, sacramental living, the significance of the Eucharist, of Confirmation and Extreme Unction. On the practical level, we still have with us an ideal not yet achieved. But when the day of more enlightened liturgical awareness comes, such books as this will be counted as landmarks.

Four Existentialist Theologians: A Reader From the Works of Jacques Maritain, Nicholas Berdyaev, Martin Buber and Paul Tillich. Edited by Will Herberg. Doubleday (Anchor). $1.25. Each of the thinkers represented here has stood courageously on the ambiguous intellectual frontiers of our time where the old seems to be passing decidedly over into the new; each has striven mightily to make that transition as fruitful as possible; and each may be taken as a generally reliable guide in the formation of the attitudes that must motivate us in the world today. This reader is a practical, stimulating introduction to new intellectual and religious perspectives.

Doctor Zhivago. By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon. $5. This important work of fiction, one of the few to appear in the past year, rests solidly upon the strong character of its central figure. *Doctor Zhivago* reflects a rich tradition and portrays sensitively a man with an urgent, deep desire for freedom and peace. Not least among its merits is its political significance. "I think nothing can be gained by brute force. People must be drawn to the good by goodness," says Dr. Zhivago in a line that may be some indication of the shape of things to come on the international scene.

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The Irrational Man: A Study in Existential Philosophy. By William Barrett. Doubleday. $5. A comprehensive survey, in an easy style, of man's age-old search to understand himself. Author Barrett begins with an examination of Hebrew and Greek attitudes and continues through Augustine, the medieval Schoolmen and Pascal to the modern phenomenon of existentialism as manifested in the works of Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Sartre and Heidegger. The work of artists (e.g., Picasso), dramatists (e.g., Beckett) and novelists (e.g., Hemingway, Faulkner and Joyce) is also studied to illuminate the intellectual crisis of our times.

LEO R. WARD

HAPPINESS and Contemplation. By Josef Pieper. Pantheon. $2.25. When Dr. Pieper comes to contemplation (pp. 80-109 especially) he is one hundred per cent at home and he sails right along. On this important question, which of course is the same as the "leisure" for which he is famous, the book is a dream, and it is all the better for the reason that though Dr. Pieper finds a religious touch in all contemplation he is more democratic here than in most of his works and allows a place for many: "contemplation is far more widespread among us today than appearances would indicate," and its many forms "need encouragement." On "happiness" he is pretty tame and is too much confined to "Thomas says."

Chance and Providence. By William G. Pollard. Scribner's $3.50. Dr. Pollard, executive director of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, goes for a long way down the middle of a basic question: Given modern physics, first classical and now quantum, is there any place left for "the activity of the living God in our life and history"? Father Pollard says that classical physics made that question, especially as regards miracles and special interventions, difficult, but that quantum physics with its position of essential indeterminacy has simplified it. The idea is suggestive, to say the least, and is well developed and argued. For the layman two problems remain and each concerns the degrees and kinds of knowledge. If, as the author holds, science is tentative and statistical, how does one arrive at the central position of the book? Then how do some, but only some—an elite—arrive at a providential belief-knowledge?

American Catholic Dilemma: By Thomas F. O'Dea. Sheed and Ward. $3. The "dilemma" handled by Dr. O'Dea is much less a dilemma than an attempt to help

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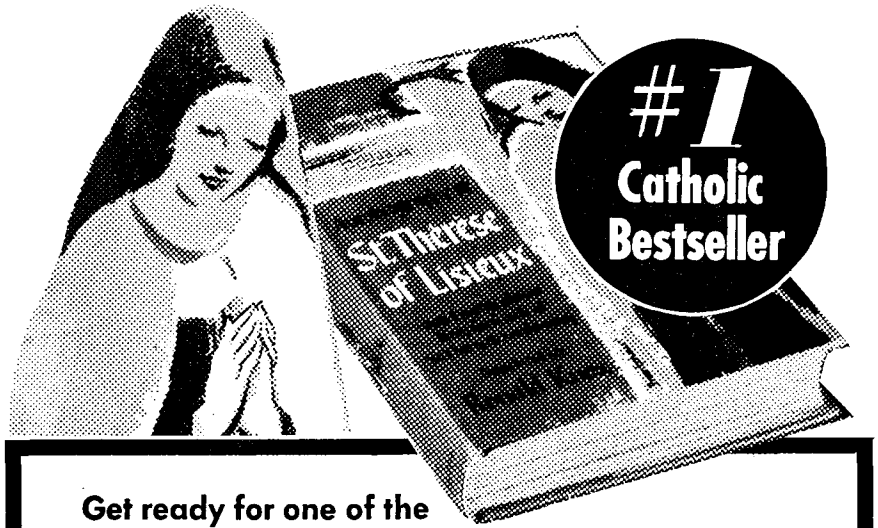

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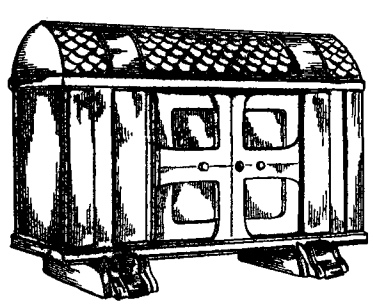

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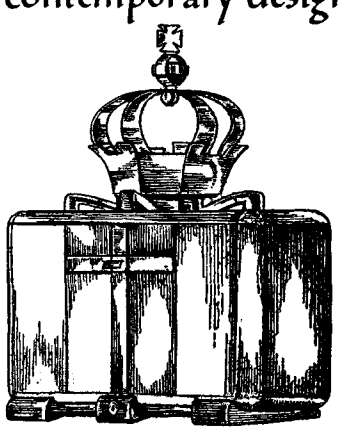

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us understand the American Catholic's intellectual life or half-life. The author works as an inquirer and investigator, and whereas others have come at the problem as historians or as theologians, the present approach is sociological, and unfortunately has some phrases that might have been translated, e.g., "socially structured status," and "total prestige structure." But in all, it is a good and needed book, helping us to shape up the questions we are going to have to ask and answer, and we must say of it what the author says of the several efforts in this line: it "bears testimony to our growing ability for mature self-criticism."

What Happened to Religious Education? By William Kailer Dunn. Johns Hopkins. $5. The work by Dr. Dunn is easily the work of the year in the field of educational research. The question is obvious enough: education on the Judeo-Christian pattern was long in the American public school and now for a long time has not been there—what happened? The present work surpasses and supplants the old and excellent work by Samuel Brown, *The Secularization of American Education* (1912). It is calm and dispassionate. All leaders in society must read it as calmly and carefully as it is written. Perhaps the work will help us to do what we must sooner or later do—break wide open the whole subject of religion in all American schools.

CRITICS

William Clancy, formerly associate editor of The Commonweal, is now editor of *Worldview*.

Thomas Curley is a New York writer and a frequent reviewer for this magazine.

Anne Fremantle is well known as a novelist, critic and anthologist.

Richard Hayes is drama critic for The Commonweal.

Thomas Molnar is a member of the faculty of Brooklyn College.

Father J. N. Moody is on the faculty of Ladycliff College, New York.

Father Bernard G. Murchland, C.S.C., is associated with Fides Publishers.

Father Leo R. Ward, C.S.C., author of the recently published *New Life in Catholic Schools* (Herder), is a faculty member of Notre Dame University.

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Greeneland

OUR MAN IN HAVANA. By Graham Greene. Viking. $3.50.
GRAHAM GREENE. By John Atkins. Roy. $5.

By JAMES FINN

PLEASE would you mind telling me how they are going to murder me. You see, it interests me personally."

Mr. Wormold is "our man in Havana," the protagonist of Graham Greene's latest novel, and the decorous concern he shows for his own possible demise suggests the emotional distance which lies between this "entertainment" and the others which preceded it. In *This Gun For Hire, The Confidential Agent* and in *Ministry of Fear,* for instance, we were almost immediately plunged into a swirling center of intrigue, mystery and danger, to be caught up and swept along without pause or relaxation until, against a background of moral concern, the violent events worked themselves out.

There is, of course, much of the familiar Greene here—the sharp, clean, angular prose; the intense focus on the highly selected detail; the swift, nervous pacing of action; the blundering well-meaning persons, the temporising, moral men, and the cruelty of the young innocent. There is death and violence, love and fear. The elements are here, thus, for another thriller. But Mr. Greene has decreed it otherwise. Although several attempts are made on Wormold's life and he is responsible for the deaths of others, the world of this novel is more than normally askew. The angle of vision has a comic slant. "Somebody always leaves a banana skin on the scene of a tragedy," the narrator comments and in this "entertainment" the emphasis is at least as much on the banana skin as on the possibly tragic events.

The talent for comic action and dialogue which Mr. Greene has previously displayed is here given freer play. And much is visible. The secret service man who presses Mr. Wormold into service surely derives from Dickens' Mr. Jingle and is almost as delightful. When Wormold wonders why he, a quiet vacuum-cleaner salesman, has been chosen to recruit agents he is told:

"Patriotic Englishman. Been here for years. Respected member of the European Traders Association. We must have our man in Havana, you know. Submarines need fuel. Dictators drift together. Big ones draw in the little ones."

And the banquet scene at which Mr. Wormold, suspecting his food may be poisoned, shuffles his plate to his neighbor only to see it politely handed on around the table to end up before the President of the Association, combines suspense and comedy in fine proportion—and it could be an even better scene in a well-directed film.

But the virtues of this book, however generously one tots them up, cannot overcome the deeper flaws. In addition to the dangers to which Greene is prone—the systematizing

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of real insight, the simplistic dualism of forces, the probable unexpected being turned finally into the expected improbable—there is too little focus in the novel. There is no center and things finally fall apart. *Our Man in Havana* will be a disappointment to Greene admirers. It can please only those who are hurrying to deposit their token of critical dissent in order to climb upon the anti-Greene bandwagon before it gets too crowded—and unfashionable.

Mr. Atkins' opens his study of Graham Greene by saying "I should like to treat Graham Greene as an island newly discovered. . . ." This introduction is more apt than one initially suspects, for concerning Graham Greene Mr. Atkins is almost entirely at sea. Although he has gathered a good deal of information, for which one must be grateful, Mr. Atkins is at a loss at what to do with it all. So he generously presents it to us, liberally interlarded with opinion, supposition and occasional deviations into sound critical judgment. He is most original in his discussion of religion, but at some cost to established doctrine and commonly held opinion. His writing can only fairly be described as blank prose.

Passionate Ideas

MISTRESS TO AN AGE. By J. Christopher Herold. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

By ROSEMARY F. DEEN

WHEN Mme. de Staël told Wellington, "Talking politics is my whole life," she subsumed several other activities under the heading *politics* for the sake of the epigram. But perhaps her quarrel with Napoleon, her writings or her love affairs had enough of the manner of politics about them to justify the procedure. Certainly her interests and her business with her time were extensive. Despite the abundance of material concerning her, however, her newest biographer feels that she cannot be fully defined in a book.

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The fact that Mr. Herold finds her so full of life lands him in a dilemma. He tries to remain sympathetic to her thought but detached from her passions. The effort to stay aloof involves a considerable expense of irony, some of it patronizing. His desire to take her writings more seriously than her passions costs him so many distinctions and qualifications that in his discussion of her books the reader often loses the sense of narrative and character.

Mme. de Staël was one of those overwhelming persons, the archetype of whom is Aphrodite or the indomitable Wife of Bath. They all possess the same baffling combination of power and triviality. Mme. de Staël spent energy without intermission. An insomniac, she was active almost the whole twenty-four hours and yet did several things at once. She conversed while writing letters; she held her salon even in childbed. As a witness to the birth of her daughter declared: "At no time did she have fewer than fifteen persons in her room."

Her opposition to Napoleon rose more from her nature than from her principles. Mr. Herold shows that she repeatedly tried to come to terms with him. He admits the weakness of her resistance, yet he calls her the "Conscience of Europe." Perhaps he claims too much for an opposition that was notable because that of others was small. Why didn't she come to terms with Napoleon? Because his terms were submission and silence. The contest was not the defiance of tyranny by principles, but the inability of one power to give way to another.

In fact it may be seen by Mme. de Staël's relations with her lovers that she was no less a tyrant than Napoleon. It must be admitted, however, that she compounded tyranny with enthusiasm and generosity. She attracted men of talent because she fostered their ideas and sustained their genius with some of her own energy. There is a kind of love-making in this intellectual excitement between a man and woman. This seems to have been what she meant essentially by love. It helps to explain why she was neither a

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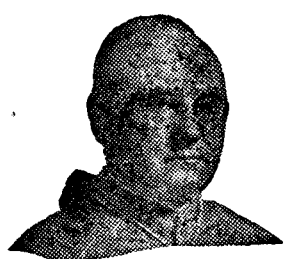

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sensualist, though she had many lovers (some concurrently), nor a romantic heroine.

As a person, Mme. de Staël seems less extravagant when set in the perspective of her time and class. The whole book is crammed with romantic case histories and documents of passionate eccentricity. Mme. de Staël catches her own daughter in the heresy of being too sensible and declares that she will "force her yet to make a marriage of love." In the midst of this rout, Byron appears speaking reason. Himself considered the very model of immorality, he delights to tell Mme. de Staël that her novels had struck "an insidious blow at virtue" (for the good reason that her virtuous characters are dull). But Byron's ironies were lost on her, as Mr. Herold's might have been had she read them.

Attempts to assess or evaluate Mme. de Staël in the fashion of the stock biography—a column for "credits" and one for "debits"—seem futile. Mr. Herold is far above this. The attempt to see her as the hero of some cause runs into the tangle of her inconsistencies. Mr. Herold ends by seeing her as a circulator of ideas. Her consistency lay not in her intellect but in her passions, in the unrelenting pressure of a force. Benjamin Constant, her lover, friend, and victim knew her:

"[Germaine] went to Geneva for the day. Bonstetten, Blacons, Simonde, Schlegel, and I dined together like schoolboys when the master of studies is away. Strange woman! She exerts over everything around her a kind of inexplicable but very real power. If she could govern herself, she might have governed the world."

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husband reported, beat off, with a whip, two lions that had attacked an ox; and three or four years ago, when she was extremely ill, she "planned to die," as she told a *Paris Review* interviewer. "That is," she said, "I made preparations. . . . I even planned a last radio talk . . . on how easy it was to die . . . not a morbid message, I don't mean that, but a message of, well, cheer . . . that it was a great and lovely experience to die." It may be that her prodigious capacity for embracing experience—even the threat of death—is what has endowed her grandly cavalier renderings of large themes, large plots, large characters, with their assurances and authority.

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The fifth, "Babette's Feast," is a real marvel of a story, rueful and witty, about two pious old sisters, daughters of the founder of a Norwegian religious sect, and a Frenchwoman, Babette, whom they have befriended and taken as their maid. The story, made up of coincidences and bizarre personalities in true Dinesen style, culminates in an expensive dinner that Babette manages to prepare for the sisters' elderly friends and fellow sect-members. The spectacle of these old folks, who have long ago renounced the pleasures of fancy food and alcohol, allowing themselves to eat and drink because of their kindly regard for the sisters, becoming warm with the rich French food and mildly ecstatic on the old wine, is funny and touching and exquisite. "None

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of the guests later on had any clear remembrance of it. They only knew that the rooms had been filled with heavenly light, as if a number of small halos had blended into one glorious radiance. Taciturn old people received the gift of tongues; ears that for years had been almost deaf were opened to it. Time itself had merged into eternity. Long after midnight the windows of the house shone like gold, and golden song floated out into the winter air." And yet there is more than this one delicious scene to the story, which ends with a fine mixture of pathos and irony.

Isak Dinesen weaves large motifs into her tales, and frequently alludes to her own art, and to the relationship of story to reality; but from her comments on this matter it is clear that for all her sophistication she remains a tale-for-tale's-sake writer, not really a vendor of "caviar." She has published in several popular magazines in this country—*The Ladies' Home Journal* has had at least a half-dozen of her stories in the last eight years, one of which was "Babette's Feast." Another story, "The Ring," which also appeared in that magazine in 1950, was (probably by some curious twist of destiny) recently republished in *Harper's Bazaar*, whose editors cut a few lines off at the end. Her work has appeared also in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. She is a special artist, a kind of sport in contemporary letters, writing for who knows what audience?—for anyone who likes stories about encounters and situations that lead to further encounters and situations, whether by human devising or by the caprices of "destiny." To "reduce" or refine destiny into an anecdote—that is part of her craft; for the workings of fate can stir the interest of almost everyone, and anecdotes promise modest pleasures without great demands.

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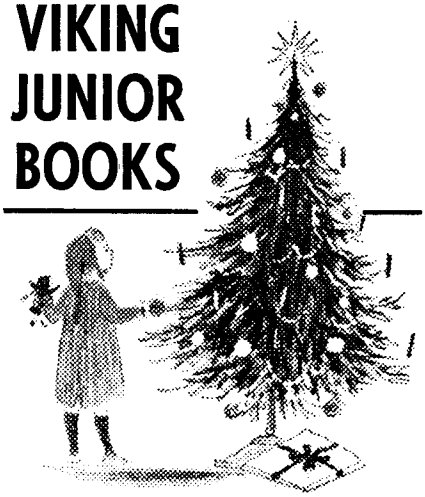

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NO TRIBUTE paid to St. Thérèse of Lisieux was more forthright and unambiguous than that paid her by one of the holiest of her contemporaries, St. Pius X. "St. Thérèse," said the pope, "is the greatest saint of modern times." For the benefit of those who tend to think of "modern times" too exclusively in terms of H-bombs, sputniks, atomic submarines, and Organization Men in an Affluent Society, one might go further. The implication of St. Pius's statement is plain. St. Thérèse is not only the greatest; she is also the saint most relevant to our mid-twentieth century world and to its profoundest need.

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In a foreword to the *Autobiography* Monsignor Vernon Johnson praises the translation of Monsignor Knox as made in a style "emancipated entirely from the limitations and conventions of the period in which the manuscript was actually written." So easy and familiar is Monsignor Knox's approach that some readers of the *Autobiography* may object that the Monsignor emancipated himself too much. Yet how fitting that approach, considering the informality and spontaneity of the saint's own approach to God Himself. That the style of this English edition is also as Monsignor Johnson says, "powerful, clear, forceful and free," will come as no surprise to Ronald Knox admirers. Yet surely there is much more to be said about the Monsignor's achievement than that. The style of the *Autobiography* was dictated far less by St. Thérèse's own words than by Monsignor Knox's own conception of the saint, his own artist's inner vision. In that sense

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REVIEWERS

James Finn is an associate editor of The Commonweal.

Rosemary F. Deen, a frequent contributor, is engaged in advanced studies in English literature.

Edwin Kennebeck, a regular reviewer, is on the staff of a leading New York publishing house.

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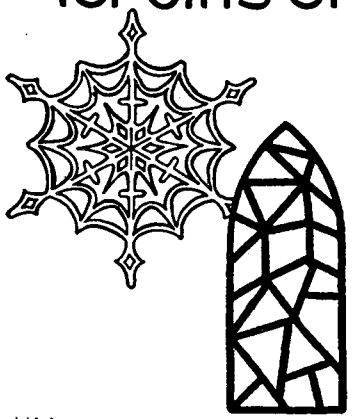

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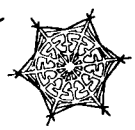

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